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# NEW Adventure COMICS

NO. 14

MARCH, 1937 SM ★ 3

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# NEW Adventure COMICS

# THE COMIC HEADLINER!

10c
AT ALL
NEWS-
STANDS

MARCH, 1937 VOL. 2 No. 2

## NEW COMICS

*The International Picture Story Magazine*

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# CAPTAIN JIM of the TEXAS RANGERS

AFTER LEAVING THEIR PRISONERS IN THE GORGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANYON, CAPTAIN JIM, BOB AND JESS START BACK TO THE SHACK. THEY LEAVE JANE AND JOHNNY IN A SHELTERED SPOT, NEAR THE PRISONERS, TO WATCH THEM AND AT THE SAME TIME BE OUT OF THE WAY OF BULLETS... THE TRAIL LEADS BY THE PINE THICKET WHERE THEY HAVE PICKETED THE HORSES

SUDDENLY A SHOT SPLITS THE AIR, FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL MORE —

IT'S FROM THE CAMP, CAPTAIN!

PRESENTLY JESS, WHO HAS BEEN A LITTLE IN ADVANCE OF BOB AND CAPTAIN JIM, SHOUTS TO THEM —

THEY'RE STAMPEDIN' THE CATTLE!

BOB LEAPS FOR HIS HORSE, BUT A FEW YARDS AWAY, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE CAPTAIN AND JESS

DIGGING IN HIS SPURS, BOB LEADS THE WAY DOWN THE ROUGH TRAIL, REACHING THE BOTTOM OF THE GORGE AS THE CATTLE SWING INTO VIEW —

MEANWHILE, JANE AND JOHNNY DECIDE TO STROLL OFF FOR A SHORT DISTANCE...
JOHNNY, LET'S GO UP INTO THE GORGE AND PICK SOME OF THOSE CACTUS BLOSSOMS!
O.K. - WE CAN STILL KEEP AN EYE ON THE PRISONERS
THIS GORGE MAKES SUCH A STRAIT, NARROW PASS TO THE CANYON!
YES, IT'S A SLICK PLACE TO HIDE CATTLE IN!
JOHNNY, I HEAR THUNDER! WE HAD BETTER GO BACK!
IT SOUNDS LIKE CATTLE. IT'S A STAMPEDE!
JANE AND JOHNNY RACE DESPERATELY TO GET OUT OF THE NARROW GORGE BEFORE THE CATTLE ENTER!
CAPTAIN JIM AND HIS COMPANIONS SWING UP THE GORGE, AS THE MADDENED HERD IS SWEEPING THROUGH THE GASHLIKE OPENING LEADING FROM THE CANYON!
LOOK, CAPTAIN! JANE AND JOHNNY - WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

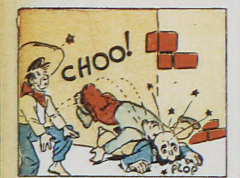
BY
H.L.FLEMING
SUDDENLY, JOHNNY PITCHES HEADLONG AS HIS TOE STRIKES A STONE -
CAPTAIN JIM LEANS OUT OF HIS SADDLE, AS HIS HORSE LEAPS TOWARDS JOHNNY'S SPRAWLING FORM!
O.K. YOUNKER, I'VE GOT YA!
IN A FEW SECONDS, BOB REACHES JANE'S SIDE, SNATCHING HER OUT OF THE PATH OF A PLUNGING STEER -
THE THREE RUSTLERS HELD CAPTIVE IN THE CANYON ENTRANCE, MEET THEIR END, TRAMPLED UNDER THE POUNDING HOOFS OF THE CATTLE THEY HAD STOLEN
MEANWHILE, FROM HIS POSITION ABOVE, RUSTY SEES THE STAMPEDE OF THE HERD. SECURING HIS HORSE, HE JUMPS INTO THE SADDLE AND HEADS FOR THE CAMP. SUDDENLY, THE TWO OUTLAWS, WHO STARTED THE STAMPEDE, COME GALLOPING UP THE TRAIL —
H.L.FLEMING

# CHIKKO CHAKKO

by ELLIS EDWARDS

## ¡AVISO!

CHIKKO'S NEW JOB - WITH EL SHERIF - IS BANDIT CATCHER! HE BAGS THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN IN HIS FIRST ATTEMPT! BUT THE MAYOR IS A GOOD SPORT AND OVERLOOKS THE MISTAKE. HE OFFERS CHIKKO A CHANCE TO NAB A REAL BANDIT - - - **WOW!** YOU CAN FOLLOW THE MAYOR AND CHIKKO AS THEY TOTTER BACK TO EL SHERIF -



G-R-R-!
IS HE NOT ONE FINE BANDIT-- HE IS YOUNG-STAY IN JAIL FOR LONG TIME-NO?
AWK!
A FINE BANDIT-HUNTER -YOU ARE-SEÑOR MAYOR! DID YOU THINK I COULD PREVENT THIS PACKAGE OF DYNAMITE FROM EXPLODING BY PUTTING HIM BEHIND BARS? NO! NO!
QUICK! LET US VAMOS AT ONCE! IF THAT HOMBRE AWAKES HE WILL DEMAND MY LAST CENTAVO!
LET ME THINK! IF I GAVE HIM TEN PESOS-
-BUT-WHY DO YOU WANT TO PAY A BANDIT?
SEÑOR MAYOR-YOU KNOW THAT BANDIT'S TEMPER WHEN HE ASKS FOR MONEY - - - YOU GO BACK AND PAY HIM-THEN HE WILL NOT HARM ME!
PAY? NO!
NO-SEÑOR! RATHER WOULD I FACE TEN BULLS THAN THAT TAILOR-WHEN HIS BILL IS DUE!. WHY PAY HIM BEFORE YOUR LAST SUIT IS WORN THIN AS PAPER?

# The Adventures of STEVE CONRAD

by Tuska

STEVE CONRAD, YOUTHFUL INVENTOR AND SCIENTIST, WITH CAPT. HUGO JUDD, MYRA RUTHERFORD, ASTOWAWA AND PROF. BROMBERG HAVE JUST ESCAPED FROM DOLOROSA ISLE. THE ISLAND BEING BLOWN UP BY THE SCHEMING DEVACRAN—

BECALMED-
SAVED, NOW I SHANT DIE -I'LL LIVE -
I'LL LIVE AND LIVE FOR REVENGE-!
HELP!
HA- I BASHED IN YOUR SKULL- YOU TRIED TO STOP ME- YOU SWINE!
I, THE GREAT DEVACHAN OF DOLOROSA, AM GOING TO AVENGE MYSELF!
READ NEXT MONTH'S "ADVENTURE COMICS" FOR THE THRILLING ESCAPADES of STEVE CONRAD
FLASH

# How We Got Our ABC's

PRIMITIVE MAN MADE CRUDE DRAWINGS TO RECORD HIS DEEDS
BY REDUCING THE PICTURES TO A FEW SIMPLE LINES, SYMBOLS WERE EVOLVED FOR SINGLE WORDS
THEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT LARGE WORDS COULD BE REPRESENTED BY THE SYMBOLS OF SMALL WORDS WHOSE COMBINED SOUNDS WERE SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE LARGE WORD
THIS LED TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A SET OF SYMBOLS TO DENOTE THE SYLLABLES OF THE SPOKEN LANGUAGE.
MANY OF THESE SYLLABLES WERE SEEN TO BE COMPOSED OF SIMPLER SOUNDS AND BY USING SYMBOLS FOR THESE SOUNDS THE ALPHABET WAS FORMED.

# BIG PRIZES and CASH PROFITS!

## You Can Earn This Speedy Streamlined Aluminum Bike

BOYS 12 to 15, here's the bicycle for YOU! Made of [illegible], rust-proof aluminum alloy, light, [illegible] easy to handle, yet [illegible] steel. A knockout of a job, a silvery [illegible] that has plenty of "pick-up" and speed. Fully equipped! Balloon tires.

Earn this bike and any of 300 other big prizes including a portable typewriter and musical instruments. Make MONEY, too. It's easy. Just deliver our fine magazines to customers whom you secure in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. Mail the coupon to start.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 691
The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES and send me one of your Prize Books, showing 300 items boys can earn.

Name ______________________ Age ______

Address ______________________________

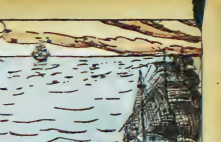
City ________________ State __________

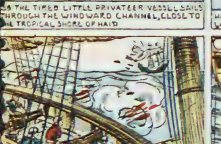
Captain Quick
ILLUSTRATOR — SVEN ELVEN
THE BONNIE BETH WITH QUICK, MARJORIE AND LORD BARLOW ABOARD ACCOMPLISHES THE TRIP FROM SPAIN TO ENGLAND WITHOUT MISHAP.
THE GOOD SHIP DOCKS AT PORTSMOUTH. THE SAILORS, WITH THE PRIZE MONEY FROM MANY A CAPTURED SPANISH FRIGATE WEIGHING HEAVILY IN THEIR POCKETS, SET FOOT HAPPILY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY MONTHS ON THE SOIL OF ENGLAND.
KENDAL BIDS FAREWELL TO MARJORIE AND LORD BARLOW AS THEY SET OUT FOR THEIR ANCESTRAL ESTATE. "COME TO US SOON," SAYS MARJORIE.
QUICK REMAINS IN PORTSMOUTH TO RECONDITION HIS SHIP. WITHIN A FEW DAYS COMES A MESSENGER, WEARING THE QUEEN'S SIGNET.
THE MESSAGE FAIRLY TAKES KENDAL QUICK'S BREATH AWAY. HE IS SUMMONED TO APPEAR BEFORE ELIZABETH! IT CAN MEAN BUT ONE THING. KNIGHTHOOD!
UNWILLING TO AWAIT THE NEXT STAGE, KENDAL QUICK SETS OUT FOR LONDON ON HORSEBACK.

THREE DAYS LATER QUICK KNEELS BEFORE HIS QUEEN AND BECOMES SIR KENDAL QUICK
LATER IN PRIVATE AUDIENCE, ELIZABETH SPEAKS. "SIR KENDAL, IT IS OUR WISH THAT YOU CONTINUE YOUR GLORIOUS CAREER ON THE SEAS----" QUICK ANSWERS, "YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT----"
"BUT I AM ENGAGED TO WED WITHIN THE MONTH," HE CONTINUES. THE QUEEN STIFFENS. "AS YOU SAID, SIR KENDAL, OUR WISH IS YOUR COMMAND. YOU WILL PREPARE AT ONCE FOR SEA."
WITH HEAVY HEART QUICK ONCE MORE TAKES LEAVE OF MARJORIE. BRAVELY SHE SAYS, "ENGLAND IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ARE WE. GO FIGHT FOR OUR QUEEN, AND I WILL AWAIT THEE"
AT LAST THE BONNIE BESS IS CONDITIONED FOR SEA, AND WITH THE TIDE AND A FAVORABLE WIND SHE SLIPS INTO THE OPEN SEA UNDER SEALED ORDERS
MILES AT SEA, QUICK OPENS HIS ORDERS, HIS OFFICERS STAND BY EXPECTANTLY.
SIR KENDAL FORGETS HIS GRIEF IN THE HIGH THRILL OF THE ORDERS! THE BONNIE BESS IS ORDERED TO THE CARRIBEAN----TO THE SPANISH MAIN! WHAT BLOOD-PULSING ADVENTURES AWAIT THE INTREPID ENGLISHMAN?

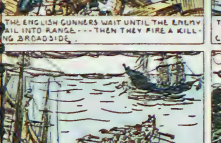
SIR KENDAL TELLS HIS CREW THAT THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE SPANISH MAIN. THE MEN CHEER AT THE PROSPECT OF MORE MONEY.
"WE WILL SET A STRAIGHT COURSE FOR PORT ROYAL," SAYS QUICK, WHERE WE WILL RECONDITION AND TAKE ON STORES."
"THEN ON TO BARRANQUILLA AND CARTAGENA! I HEAR THOSE SPANISH PORTS ARE FAT WITH GOLD
FOR MANY WEEKS THE BONNIE BESS SAILS SLOWLY WEST WARD, AT TIMES BECALMED
THE SAILORS ARE PUT ON HALF RATIONS FOOD IS RUNNING DANGEROUSLY LOW.
AT LAST, AFTER MANY DAYS THERE IS A CRY OF "LAND HO!" FROM THE LOOKOUT
"SAIL STRAIGHT THROUGH THE CHANNEL," QUICK COMMANDS THE HELMSMAN "AND HOLD YOUR COURSE FOR PORT ROYAL!"

AS THE TIRED LITTLE PRIVATEER VESSEL SAILS THROUGH THE WINDWARD CHANNEL, CLOSE TO THE TROPICAL SHORE OF HAITI

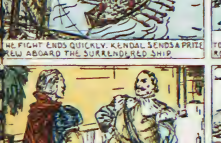

WARILY ARE THEY ON THE OPEN SEA AGAIN WHEN A LARGE SPANISH FRIGATE BEARS DOWN UPON THEM

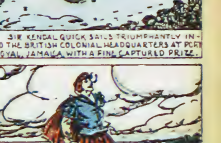

THE ENGLISH GUNNERS WAIT UNTIL THE ENEMY IS WELL INTO RANGE.---THEN THEY FIRE A KILLING BROADSIDE.

THE SPANISH FRIGATE REELS UNDER THE IMPACT. "WELL DONE!" CRIES SIR KENDAL. "WE HAVE CRIPPLED HER!"


THE FIGHT ENDS QUICKLY. KENDAL SENDS A PRIZE CREW ABOARD THE SURRENDERED SHIP.

SIR KENDAL QUICK SAILS TRIUMPHANTLY INTO THE BRITISH COLONIAL HEADQUARTERS AT PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA WITH A FINE CAPTURED PRIZE.


QUICK IS RECEIVED BY THE GOVERNOR, WHO SAYS "SO IT'S PRIVATEERING YOU INTEND, FAITH, IT'S PRECIOUS LITTLE YOU'LL FIND WHERE DRAKE AND MORGAN HAVE BEEN BEFORE YOU!"


TO WALK IN THE STEPS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AND SIR HENRY MORGAN! TO AN EXCITING FUTURE, THAT LIES BEFORE BRAVE, YOUNG SIR KENDAL QUICK.
CONTINUED

JUNGLE FEVER
BY WIN
JUNGLE FEVER IS A STORY ABOUT RED RILEY AND CURLEY NOVIS, TWO ADVENTUROUS SEAMARINES UNDAUNTED BY A FUTURE FILLED WITH PERIL & MYSTERY
I AM ANXIOUS TO GET TO THE TROPICS AND SEE THE PLANTATION
YES, WE'LL MANAGE IT AND PUT OLD MAN FOLLOWAY IN THE MONEY
AS RED AND CURLY ARE DISCUSSING THEIR VENTURE IN THE TROPICAL PLANTATION, A NATIVE PARDEL, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS ATTEMPTS TO FOIL THEIR PLANS
QUICK CURLY, DUCK! AND PLAY POSSUM! SOME ONE IS TRYING TO POISON US WITH LEAD
ME KILLUM! YES, ME KILLUM! WHITE DEVILS! DIRTY DAYS!!

WELL, SIR, IT WAS A DANDY LITTLE SCRAP, AND THANKS TO YOU WE HAVE ONE OF THE WORST KILLERS IN THE ORIENT OUT OF THE WAY!

WELL, MALAY MIKE, GUESS THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT WILL BE MIGHTY PLEASED IF YOU PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO THEM!

SMUGGLERS AND KILLERS DON'T INTEREST ME ANY-SO LET'S GET OUR STUFF TOGETHER AND CATCH THE FIRST BOAT TO THE TROPICS

COME ON, CURLY, STEP ON IT! WE HAVEN'T ALL DAY - THE BOAT SAILS IN A FEW MINUTES

YOU KNOW, IT SEEMS FUNNY PECULIAR - US BEING SHOT AT BY THOSE ONE-EYED LOW BROWS!

THESE ARE THE TWO AMERICANS HOLLOWAY HAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF HIS PLANTATION!

AS THE SHIP SAILS ALONG, TWO FIGURES TUMBLE INTO THE ANGRY SEA....

WELL, CURLY, IT SEEMS AS IF OUR CAREERS ARE AT AN END!

BOY! THIS LOB IS GOING TO COME IN MIGHTY HANDY IN A SPOT LIKE THIS
HELP OR SOMETHING BETTER HURRY UP — THE SEA IS MIGHTY ROUGH!
LOOK, CURLY! A STEAMER!! IS THIS A BREAK — AND HEADING OUR WAY, TOO?
GOSH-REG I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER
TWO MEN OVERBOARD!
WELL, ME 'EARTIES! YE'D BEST CHANGE DIM WET DUDS — AND DON'T STAND THERE SO TEMPTING
FOR A COUPLE OF SEAMENS, DIDN'T THINK WE'D BE GASSED IN A SAILOR'S OUTFIT
FOR ALL THE ADVENTURE WE HAD WE'RE LUCKY WE DON'T GET A ONE WAY TICKET TO THE PEARLY GATES!
LET'S GO OVER AND SEE THE OLD SEA DOG
YEAH, AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE WE'RE BOUND FOR
WELL, CAPPY OLD TOP, HOW DO WE LOOK?
NOT BAD — WE'RE HARTIES, BUT WE BOTH DID LOOK LIKE THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

MEANWHILE, IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS, A DEEP PLOT IS AFOOT—
TYKE IT FROM ME, MATES — IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE RIGHT, THERE'S $100,000 WORTH O' PEARLS ABOARD — LET'S SLUG THE CAP AND GRAB THE SWAG
COME ON, LADS! LET'S RUSH THE CAP — AND WHAT'S LEFT OF THE CREW —
BELIEVE ME, THIS IS A CINCH —
LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE AHEAD, CURLY
BY THE GREAT HORNED SPOON — WHAT'S THIS - MUTINY?
WHY, YE SCURVY SCUM — MUTINY ON MY SHIP! I'LL HAVE YE ALL IN IRONS IF YE DON'T GIT BACK TO YER POSTS!
AFTER THEM PEARLS AND BY THUNDER, WE MEAN TO GET THEM!
IN A FRENZY, THE REBELLIOUS CREW CHARGES THE CAPTAIN AND HIS HANDFUL OF LOYAL MEN—
I DON'T KNOW FROM NUTHIN' ABOUT THEM POILS, BUT I KNOW THE CAP'S IN A TIGHT SPOT!
BLAZES! THAT CROWD MEANS TROUBLE — AND WE'VE GOT TO DO 'UMTHIN'
IN THE THICK OF THE FRAY, RED IS CAUGHT OFF HIS GUARD AND IS FELLED BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD!
—TO BE— CONTINUED

# Worth-While Pictures to Watch For

By I. W. MAGOVERN

As most of you doubtless know, all the motion picture companies maintain large and expensive "publicity" departments, whose job it is to turn out reams of reading matter and sheafs of "still" photographs to be used by newspapers and magazines to keep the public aware of what the Stars are doing.

This department is under considerable obligation to those publicity departments for material used here, but strangely enough the motion pictures are very happy indeed to supply all the news that any periodical will print. Publicity helps to sell their pictures to the people.

Here, word for word, is a little item from Paramount:

*High up over the Rocky Mountains a plane carrying two screen stars back to Hollywood from a location trip sputtered and backfired. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, the stars, were passengers. They were returning to the Paramount studio to complete "Maid of Salem," under the direction of Frank Lloyd.*

*"We had been flying about an hour," recounted Miss Colbert. "Then the motor died and coughed. Then a terrific backfire came from the motor and the plane dipped. But we landed alright."*

*Fred MacMurray added: "I felt at first as though I'd lost about ten years of my life. But the laugh was on Claudette and myself when the pilot told us he was just switching over from one fuel tank to another, and that at no time was he short of gas."*

Interesting, eh? It's an awful thing to even think of, but what if disaster had stepped in and sent that plane crashing to the earth? Paramount had already invested, probably, something in the neighborhood of half a million dollars in the picture. Fred and Claudette were making, and with its two stars in the hospital or worse, could they ever get finished the film? That's a purely commercial aspect, of course. But think how badly millions of movie fans would have felt had anything happened to Miss Colbert and Mr. MacMurray.

You see, the fact that that exciting little thing happened to people as important as they are makes the story interesting to us more-or-less common people, and we'll doubtless be so glad that Fred and Claudette are still all right that we'll positively go to see "Maid Of Salem" just out of sheer thankfulness.

Still, we can't help being a little hurt at all the interest shown when two stars have a tough moment in a plane, for when the self same thing happened to us a few years ago, nobody knew about it except ourselves and a few friends whom we managed to get into a corner long enough to listen to our story. This, we think, is a good chance to make all of you realize that Mr. Mac-Murray and Miss Colbert are by no means the only ones who were ever in a plane that seemed to be running out of gas.

Three of us—the pilot, another passenger and ourselves—took off from Newark in a private plane, a four seater Stinson monoplane. We had progressed only as far as Jersey City, which is very close to Newark, and hadn't yet had time to get much altitude, when the old motor coughed and sputtered and died. Brothers and sisters, it was a very, very uncomfortable feeling, with nothing but close-packed houses beneath us! The other passenger and ourselves turned white and very scared — decided we'd at least die like gentlemen, when the pilot, quite casually, reached up and turned a valve. Almost immediately the motor caught on again, and the "danger" was over. But what we're trying to bring out is the fact that we were exactly as the movie stars felt when the same thing happend to them.

SPEAKING of airplanes, publicity and Paramount, brings to mind another little experience in which all three figured. We were just one of the victims.

The Paramount Theatre in Newark, New Jersey, is man-

aged by a gentleman named Allan Smith, who, at the time of which we speak, was publicity man for the house.

We were working on a newspaper in the town.

One day Allan telephoned to us and said: "Want to take a ride in one of those big, new, dual-motored transport planes?"

We said: "Why not?"

So he told us to dash down to the airport, which we did.

It seems that the Paramount Theatre was playing a picture titled "Wings In The Dark," with Myrna Loy and Cary Grant, and the astute Mr. Smith had made arrangements to have a huge plane fly over the center of the city and to have its every movement directed by radio from in front of the theatre, where, he hoped and believed, a large crowd would gather and, ultimately spurred by the red-hot publicity, buy tickets to the performance within the house.

The plane was one of those beautiful, silvery ones, and it glistened blindingly in the sun as it idled beside the Administration Building. Ten of us climbed in. The two pilots and a hostess were already there.

Off we went, back toward the city until we swung in wide circles right over Mr. Smith's place of business.

Then came the directions from the ground: "Bank left!" and the big plane dipped its left wing so that it pointed almost straight down at the ground. Then the command "Bank right!" sent us spinning in the other direction. "Dive" put us into a zooming descent that took the breath away and brought the earth alarmingly nearer and nearer.

Doubtless the pilot knew his business, and there was probably no danger, but for us it was a wild ride that went on and on and on. Six of the ten passengers were ill.

The pilot gave us a break when the stunt was finished. He leveled off and flew to New York, where he circled the tower of the Empire State Building and waved weakly to the sightseers on the observation balcony. Then back to Newark Airport and good old terra firma again. There's something about Mother Earth that is extremely comforting at times.

Even the hostess said: "Well, I've flown over a half million miles, but never before have I had a ride like that one!"

Still, it was lots of fun and none of us were sorry we went, and we all agreed that Mr. Allan Smith had pulled, as they say, "a good stunt." We meant to go back to the office and write a little piece for the paper about it, which is possibly what Mr. Smith had hoped we would do, though we are of course not sure about it, but somehow we didn't feel very well.

We decided that we had a cold coming on, or something, and had better go home and to bed.

There. We haven't talked much about movies, have we. But it's the movie industry's own fault for sending out publicity material that starts us on the subject of flying.

At any rate, Paramount will soon release a picture called "Maid of Salem," starring Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. It will probably be a good picture, and if Claudette is elected Vice-President of the United States THAT will be good news for [illegible].

*Simone Simon (pronounced "seemoan seemoan") and James Stewart (pronounced "james stewart") are the young lovers in the new Twentieth Century-Fox version of "Seventh Heaven."*

# OL' OZ BOPP

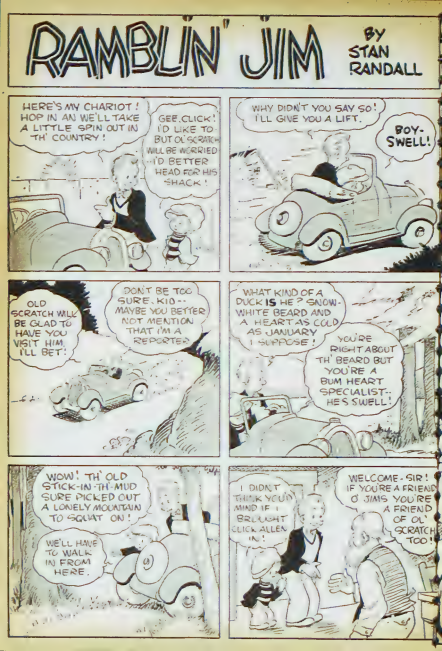
BY ALGER

WHEN IT'S MATILDA'S TURN T' ENTERTAIN HER CLUB SHE JES' SENDS OUT LETTERS SAYIN' WHAT DAY—
'N I MAIL 'EM OUT FER 'ER! 'N' THEN EVER' BUDDY COMES!

CLUB TEA! I GUESS YOU'RE FOOLIN', MR. BOPP!
'N THERE'S MIZZIE BOGGS I NEVER KNOWED HER T' MISS A CUE! MEETIN'
CLUB? ANOTHER OF YOUR JOKES, EH, MR. BOPP?
THEY'RE FOOLIN' ME! THEY'LL BE THERE — THEY'RE JES' LATE OR SOMETHIN'!
WELL, I'LL JEST MAIL THIS CARD 'N' GIT ON HOME T' HELP MATILDA WITH TH' SERVIN'!
SUFFERIN' CATS!
HEY, OZ! GOIN' HOME? COME ON!
NO SIREE! I AIN'T GOIN HOME FOR A LONG WHILE YET!!

# RAMBLIN' JIM

BY STAN RANDALL


HERE'S MY CHARIOT! HOP IN AN WE'LL TAKE A LITTLE SPIN OUT IN TH' COUNTRY!
GEE, CLICK! I'D LIKE TO BUT OL' SCRATCH WILL BE WORRIED I'D BETTER HEAD FOR HIS SHACK!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT.
BOY. SWELL!
OLD SCRATCH WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU VISIT HIM, I'LL BET!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, KID-- MAYBE YOU BETTER NOT MENTION THAT I'M A REPORTER
WHAT KIND OF A DUCK IS HE? SNOW-WHITE BEARD AND A HEART AS COLD AS JANUARY I SUPPOSE!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT TH' BEARD BUT YOU'RE A BUM HEART SPECIALIST-- HE'S SWELL!
WOW! TH' OLD STICK-IN-TH' MUD SURE PICKED OUT A LONELY MOUNTAIN TO SQUAT ON!
WE'LL HAVE TO WALK IN FROM HERE.
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MIND IF I BROUGHT CLICK ALLEN IN!
WELCOME, SIR! IF YOU'RE A FRIEND O' JIMS YOU'RE A FRIEND OF OL' SCRATCH TOO!

MORE!
YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT JIM WAS TH' TOWN HERO DID YOU?
OH-YES!
SHERIFF SMITH WAS JUST HERE TO GET TH' FELLER WE HAD TIED UP AND HE TOLD ME HOW JIM CAPTURED TH' OTHER TWO GANGSTERS SINGLE HANDED!
IT WAS A PURTY PEECE O' WORK FOR A YOUNG N AN' OL' SCRATCH IS MIGHTY PROUD OF YUH, LAD!
AW HELL! IT WASN'T NOTHIN'!
IT'S NONE OF MY AFFAIRS, MISTER - BUT IT'S DANGEROUS TO LEAVE YOUR MONEY LYING OUT IN PLAIN SIGHT!
HOLY SOCKS! LOOKUT TH' DOUGH!!
WHY- DADGUMMIT! I PURT NEAR FERGOT TO GIVE IT TO YUH, JIM! TH' SHERIFF SAID IT WAS TH FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR REWARD COMIN TO YUH!
MINE?
WA--HOO!!
I KNOW I'M ONLY DREAMIN'--- BUT I'LL SOCK TH' GUY WHO WAKES ME UP!

# DETECTIVE SERGEANT CAREY of the CHINATOWN SQUAD

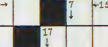
SERGEANT CAREY, TAKE ONE MAN AND INVESTIGATE A REPORTED MURDER AT NUMBER THIRTEEN LANE OF THE THOUSAND BLEEDING DRAGONS

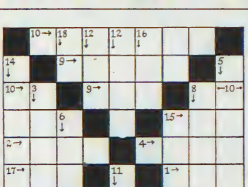
THIS IS IT-
CERTAINLY
IS AN AWFUL
I GOT MY FLASHLIGHT READY SARGE!
BETTER HAVE YOUR GUN READY
WHAT THE-?
COPS.
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO MEDDLERS
GO BACK
OH, YEAH!
SARGE! LOOK OUT!!

A NEW TYPE OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE

# KOMIKROSS

ANSWER ON GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB PAGE






9 LOOK AT THE MERIT BADGES TOM HAS! WE'RE REAL SOLDIERS!

10 DO YOU WANT ME TO PLAY, TOO? I'LL BE THE CAPTAIN.

11 SHE'S AN AWFUL PEST!

12 TROT ALONG, MOTHER'S PET, AND PLAY WITH THE DOLLS! FIGHTING IS NOT FOR SOFTIES!

FILL IN THE SQUARES WITH THE NAMES OF THE PICTURED OBJECTS AND WITH WORDS SELECTED FROM THE NUMBERED BALLOONS. ARROWS SHOW DIRECTION IN WHICH WORDS ARE TO BE READ.

13 PRESENT ARMS!
14 WHAT IDIOTIC NONSENSE
15 AHA! UNLESS I ERR, THERE ARE A COUPLE OF WOULD-BE SOLDIERS! LET'S GIVE 'EM THE WORKS
16 READY, AIM, FIRE!
17 WHY DON'T YOU PLAY TAG OR SOMETHING, YOU LITTLE SISSIES?
18 GET OUT OF MY WAY, KID! I AM IN A HURRY!
HERE! PLAY WITH THE DOLLS. FIGHTING IS NOT FOR SOFTIES!
-Henry Jay.

# The VIKINGS by ANTHONY

THE VIKING SHIP PUTS IN TO SHORE ANSWERING IVAR'S SIGNAL FIRES

IVAR SPEAKS OF HIS NEED FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE IN THE RESCUE OF SUNDGARD WHOM HE FEARS IS TO BE SACRIFICED BY THE DRUIDS

LEAVING THE SHIP IN CHARGE OF A SMALL GUARD THE VIKINGS, SPURRED BY IVAR'S TALK, JOIN HIM WILLINGLY

MEANWHILE, SUNDGARD ACCEPTED AS ONE OF THE DRUID BAND WAITS FOR THE ARRIVAL OF IVAR AND HIS COMPANIONS WHOSE RELEASE SHE HAS REQUESTED

THE CAPTIVE'S CAVE IS EMPTY!

AT THIS NEWS, THE DRUIDS BECOME SUSPICIOUS AND TURN AGAINST SUNDRID

HASWLWYN, CHIEF DRUID, BRINGS SUNDRID TO HIS CAVE FOR PROTECTION. SUNDRID DISCLAIMS ALL KNOWLEDGE OF IVAR'S ESCAPE, BUT CANNOT CONCEAL HER JOY

THE ANGRY DRUIDS HASTILY ERECT THE GREAT FIRE SACRIFICE FIGURE.

HASWLWYN MEANWHILE HAS BEEN TAKEN INTO CAPTIVITY BY THE DRUIDS WHO FEAR HIS INTERFERENCE

THE DRUIDS CLAIM SUNDRID AS SACRIFICE IN THE FIRE FESTIVAL.

# The Battle of Blenheim

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth,
and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!"

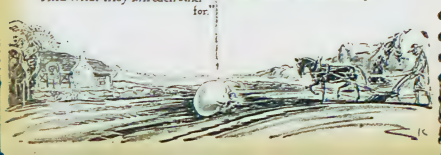
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill each other
for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."



by Robert Southey
HOWARD PYLE

WHAT A LIFE!
NO FAIR!
THE MAN IN THE STORE SAID IT WAS A GERANIUM PLANT - BUT I THINK HE WAS MISTAKEN!
JUNIOR - I WISH YOU WOULD STOP PLAYING ON THE FLOOR WHILE MOTHER'S CLEANING THE ROOM!
I GUESS THE SKATING IS OVER FOR THIS SEASON!

WHY THE UMBRELLA? IT ISN'T RAINING!
HMPH! I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THAN THE WEATHER MAN!
LET ME AT HIM. I SAY! HE ASKED ME IF I WAS GOING TO A KIDDIE PARTY!
—AN' PAPPY WAS BLOWED AWAY BY TH' CYCLONE...
AN' HE WAS GONE WITH THE WIND, EH?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO PUT YEAST IN THE FILLING!
YEAST
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO CARRY CONCEALED WEAPONS?

GOOFO the GREAT
By ALGER
DEAR-DEAR! EVELYN EXPECTS ME TO TAKE HER TO DINNER AT THE MOROCCO —
AND I HAVEN'T EVEN ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY THE CAB FARE!
?
LIFE IS HARD, OFFICER!
AH! HELLO, RED! SEEING YOU GIVES ME AN IDEA!
?
THAT WAS A LUCKY MEETING BETWEEN THE MAN WHO TAKES RABBITS OUT OF HATS AND RED, WHO TAKES HATS OUT OF RESTAURANTS!
LET'S WALK A BLOCK FIRST FOR THE AIR!
CERTAINLY! IT'S A HEAVENLY NIGHT!

A BIG EVENING AWAITED US
I'M SO THRILLED
FIRST: A TERRAPIN DINNER AT THE MORROCO
YOU'RE A DEAR!
!!
ONE MINNIT THERE, PAL!
HULLY CHEE! TOUSAN'-DOLLAR BILL!
YOU SURE TAKES A SKIRT OUT IN STYLE! SORRY I'M SPOILIN' YER PARTY!
I'M SO SORRY FOR YOU, GOOFO!
WE WENT BACK TO EVELYN'S HOUSE 'N' HAD A SWELL FEED!
TWO BITS! YOU SAID YOU'D GIMME TWO BUCKS!
!!!

# THE MONASTERY OF THE BLUE GOD

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON
SKETCHES - PAGE

1
THE SWEDISH LEGATION IN PARIS IS ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS! THE WORLD WAR IS OVER!! THE ARMISTICE HAS BEEN SIGNED! AND OFFICERS AND DIPLOMATS OF EVERY NATIONALITY, ACCOMPANIED BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, ARE CELEBRATING AT A GAY BALL!
CAPTAIN STEWART, AMERICAN OFFICER, PAUSES ON HIS WAY TO THE BALL TO WATCH THE THRONG!

ENCHANTE!
THE BALL ROOM IS A BEWILDERING MASS OF COLOR! COUPLES ARE DANCING TO THE DREAMY STRAINS OF A VIENNESE WALTZ AS STEWART MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE RECEIVING LINE.

4
AS CAPTAIN STEWART GAZES ABOUT, HE SEES OFFICERS FROM MANY COUNTRIES AND HE FEELS DEPRESSED THAT HE MUST SOON RETURN TO CIVIL LIFE!
5
HELLO, MILLER! GLAD TO SEE YOU!
HELLO, CAPTAIN! I'M PLUMB STAMPEDED BY THIS HERE GLORY AND GLITTER!
WHY I COME, I SUNNO!
SUDDENLY HE SPIES A FRIEND WHOSE OLDER RANK BEDEVILED BY PHILIPPINE SUN, IS AT VARIANCE WITH HIS UNIFORM OF FIRST LIEUTENANT.
6
CHEER UP! THEY WON'T BITE YOU! HAVE YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS? THE ARMY IS BEING SENT HOME RAPIDLY!
YES, SIR, I GOT THREE MORE DAYS TO SPIT THESE HERE SILVER BARS BEFORE I LAY 'EM AWAY AS A SOUVENIR AND SEW ON THE OLD CHEVRONS AGAIN!
THAT'S TUFF! WHY NOT TRY FOR A REGULAR-ARMY COMMISSION?
NOT THIS BABY! THERE IS TOO MANY GOOD SARGENTS RUINED IN PEACE TIME TRYIN' TO MAKE 'EM INTO BUM LOOEYS!
BUT STEWART SCARCELY HEARS MILLER! HE IS STARING AT A DARK HAIRED GIRL WITH DEEP BLUE EYES! SHE IS SEATED WITH A BLOND GIRL-AND A TALL OFFICER, IN A SKY BLUE-AND-SILVER HUSSAR UNIFORM, IS BENDING OVER HER. SUDDENLY HER BLUE EYES MEET STEWART'S!

EXCUSE — ME SORRY—
OH YEH?
9
AN ABRUPT APOLOGY TO MILLER, AND STEWART STRIDES TOWARD HER!
I AM SURE THIS HANDSOME OFFICER IS GOING TO ASK ME TO DANCE! SHALL I?
YES, ELSA - / COULD NOT SAY NO TO SUCH A ONE!
10
11
MAY I HAVE THE HONOR OF THIS DANCE?
STEWART LOOKS AT HER COMPELLINGLY!
YOU ARE PERFECT! YOUR EYES ARE THE BLUEST I HAVE EVER SEEN!
12
STEWART NOTICES THAT SHE WEARS A SINGLE GREAT STAR SAPPHIRE SET IN A BROOCH —
13
YOU ARE DARING! BUT - YES -
IT WAS A GLORIOUS DANCE! MAY I HAVE THE NEXT AND THE NEXT AND THE NEXT!
THE MUSIC STOPS - STEWART ESCORTS HIS PARTNER TO HER SEAT AND —
CAPTAIN DOUGLAS STEWART, CAVALRY, AMERICAN ARMY—
14
LIEUTENANT COUNT KRAFT VON BOLANDER, PRINCE CARL'S ROYAL REGIMENT OF HUSSARS, SWEDISH ARMY.
SENSING THE HOSTILITY OF THE TALL OFFICER, HE INTRODUCES HIMSELF
WILL YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO INTRODUCE ME TO THE LADIES?
15
AS MEN HAVE A WAY OF DOING, THE COUNT OBEYS THE COMMAND IN STEWART'S VOICE!
CERTAINLY CAPTAIN STEWART. I WANT YOU TO MEET THE BARONESS ELSA VON SAXENBERG AND THE HONORABLE MISS VIVAN KRONINGELD.

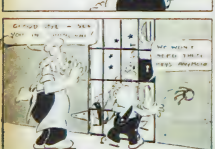
16
ON-SAXNBERG?
WHERE HAS STEWART HEARD THAT NAME?—
17
NOW WE'LL HAVE SUPPER! AND WILL YOU GO TO TEA — TOMORROW AND — DINNER?
TEA? - DINNER? Y-E-S- IF I MAY BRING MY COMPANION, VIVAN KRONINGELD!
THE COUNT GOWLS-AS THE BARONESS AND STEWART CONTINUE THEIR DANCING.
DO YOU EXPECT TO BE IN PARIS LONG?
YES! I AM A LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE QUEEN- I HAVE A LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM THE COURT!
18
SUPPING TOGETHER HE IS ENTRANCED AFRESH BY HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY!
19
REMEMBER OUR TEA TOMORROW! AND-IN THREE DAYS-IM GOING TO PROPOSE TO YOU!
TOO SOON-THE EVENING ENDS!
GREETINGS! LAWRENCE OF THE ENGINEERS!
HELLO, NIGHT OWL! THERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU ON THE TABLE-
20
HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS, STEWART LETS HIMSELF INTO HIS APARTMENT-
21
NOT BAD NEWS, OLD MAN?
YES-NO I-DON'T KNOW-
AS HE READS, HIS FACE GROWS LONG!
WHAT IS IN THE LETTER? - TO BE CONTINUED

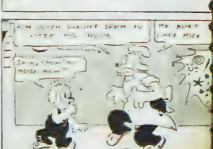
The Golden Dragon
by Tom Hickey.

...N-CHI LOU JOINED IAN AS HE LISTENED AGAIN.
THAT BELL IS NOT HERE. IT IS RUNG FROM AFAR.
HOW?
BUT PAN-CHI LOU ONLY SHOOK HIS HEAD AND CHANGED THE SUBJECT.
DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE TEMPLE?
NOTHING EXCEPT THE AWFUL LOOKING STATUES.
7
SO THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE HERE IN THE MONASTERY AFTER ALL.
IT WOULD SEEM SO.
9
12
13

# HARDLUCK HARRY

WILL CARNEY



THE GODS ARE AGAINST US – HERE COMEE SLUGGER – WHATEE DO NOW?
DUCK!! HERE COMES SOMEBODY!
HEY, LOUIE! LET THAT COOK OUT OF THE COOLER BEFORE CHOW! WE'VE GOT TO EAT.
AYE, AYE, SIR!
WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
HE PLOH HEAVY HE MAKEE LOTTA NOISE –
W WE'LL CUT A HOLE N THE SIDE OF THE HIP AND SLIP OUT UN- NOTICED
WE GO SHANGHAI NOW?

OH BOY! THIS ONE'S SURE A WORLD BEATER!
TOPS 'EM ALL!
COMICS
10¢

# CAL 'N' ALEC

By BILL PATRICK

THE BOYS ARE PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP, HOPING TO FORCE THE HAND OF THE STRANGER WHO DOPED THEIR COFFEE

C'MON NOW, CLOSE YORE EYES AN' JEST MAKE BELIEVE YORE ASLEEP THIS TIME!
TICKETS, PLEASE!
OH!
HUH!
FUR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT HE WUZ ONE O' THEM JASPERS!
C'MON, LET'S TOY IT AGIN!
SOCK
MO-HUM!
DID YUH SEE ME PERTEND I STRETCH AN' SOCK HIM ONE? — HAW! — HAW!
THET'S WHORE WUZ TH' BEST YAWNIN' I EVER SEED!
MEBBE WE CN GIT SOME REAL SLEEP NOW'T
I GOTTA PLAN T' SETTLE THIS THING ONCE AN' FUR ALL — LISTEN!
CONTINUED

# INTERNATIONAL GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB

GOOD Neighbor applications have been pouring in at a great rate and we are delighted with the splendid manner in which you all are cooperating with, and joining, a club that is truly worthy of cooperation since its aim is the establishment of friendship, good will and peaceful harmony.

Nowadays, when half the world seems to be [illegible] on the [illegible] of dangerous disagreement, when it would seem as though the slightest [illegible] would send them [illegible] into the very [illegible] that we call "War," it is [illegible] — and MORE than ever the duty and right of every thinking person to do his small bit toward world-wide friendliness.

At present our Good Neighbor memberships range in age from 7 to 20 years and we hope as these increase we'll have even younger members and a great many older members. So far these descendants of all nationalities are scattered about in the United States but before long we should be hearing from new Good Neighbors in other countries.

Many of you, who have already joined the club, have specified the countries in which you'd most like to have Pen Pals and eventually we hope to be able to find them for you. Meanwhile, just as a starter, let's try to [illegible] in our own country. How would you, if you live in New York State, like to have a Pen Pal in California, Oregon, or any of the mid-western or southern states? The basis of good neighborliness is first of all to know and become friendly with people.

Last month we told you that there would be a free 96 page book of our comics awaiting the first ten International Good Neighbor Club Members, but the first ten arrived so quickly that we decided to give these free comic books to the next ten members as well. These will be sent out to the 20 early birds along with their club buttons and certificates. Please note that the number in the upper right corner of your certificate shows exactly where you stand on the membership list.

John [illegible], aged 11, of Brooklyn, New York is our Number 1 member! Three cheers, and on top of those three more, for John, whose application arrived a whole day before any others. Here are the numbers and names of the remaining 19 of the lucky first 20 members:

2. Phyllis Blatt, 8½, New York City
3. Arthur W. Frien, Jr., 12, Buffalo, New York.
4. Sidney Weisberg, 15, Bronx, New York
5. Betty Ann Adrian, 12, Ben Wheeler, Texas.
6. Peter Blanchard, 11, Nashua, New Hampshire
7. Benjamin Harpes, 16, Detroit, Michigan
8. Joe Hickman, Jr., 19, Kansas City, Missouri
9. Frances Trimue, 15, Caldwell, Arkansas
10. Jean Claire Cameron, 9½, Duluth, Minnesota.
11. Charles Keller, 8, Minneapolis, Minnesota
12. Joe Pohanka, 8½, Washington, D. C.
13. Albert J. Poje, 12, Bronx, New York.
14. Ray Brickey, 11, Dalhart, Texas.
15. Jane Gitties, 12½, Bronx, New York.
16. Alfred Sherman, 11, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
17. Charles Laurence Sherman, 7, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
18. Mary Stanley, 13, Tillamook, Oregon.
19. Geraldine Gary, 8, Greenwood, Mississippi.
20. Helen Zaruba, 13, Natick, Massachusetts

Joe Hickman writes:

*"Your January, 1937, issue of New Comics is the first I've read. It was given to me by a cousin. Anyway, I heartily agree with the formation of your club. I would like to hear from a young man near my age who lives in Switzerland. Ireland is my second choice. I'll be buying the coming issues to see how things are going on."*

And Frances Trimue writes:

"I am sending this letter to join the Good Neighbor

## SOLUTION OF KOMIKROSS

| | | | | | | | | |
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Club. I want it to be a success so that we can get MORE acquainted with boys and girls from other countries. I would like to have a Pen Pal in Australia or New Zealand."

Albert: Poje says:

"I like this idea of yours and hope it will be a success. I am joining right now so I will be one of the first members. I would like to have a Pen Pal in Australia."

Sidney Weisberg and Jane Gittins both want Pen Pals in China, and I do wonders how if she did have one they'd be able to understand one another's letters. There is something in what Jane says, too, only as our magazine is written in English, unless it happened to be translated into other languages, it would only go to English speaking people. But, I'm sure, there are lots youngsters as well as grown-ups in China who DO speak English and it isn't at all improbable that at some time we'll have a Good Neighbor Club there, having far off in the land of pagodas.

And speaking of China, do you remember reading in the papers not long ago, and seeing pictures there, too, of the baby Giant Panda that was found and brought here from China? He is a cute little fellow, and he began with milk from a baby's bottle, but when he grows up to full size he will be quite a huge creature and whether he will be as tame then as now remains to be seen. The Giant Panda belongs to the bear family but because no one has ever before been able to find and bring one out of the great Chinese inland country alive this funny looking little baby animal is going to be prized as well as cherished.

Write and tell us of the things you know about China.

All the customs and habits of people in other countries are as different and interesting to know about as the games the youngsters play in those far-away lands.

In Japan they have what they call The Shadow Game. It is played by two or more children and is like our game Tag except that the one who is "It," instead of trying to catch or tag someone, tries to step on his shadow. This means that the game must be played outdoors and in the sunshine, which is the best place for games, anyway.

In Africa they play Blind Man's Buff this way: there are but two players and BOTH are blindfolded. The one who is being pursued has two flat sticks which he strikes together to give his pursuer an idea of where he is, after which he runs away, repeating this procedure until he is caught. The pursuer has a long piece of soft cloth which he swirls out into the air whenever he hears the stick signal close by. He can catch his quarry only by touching him with this cloth.

A Burmese game is Straddle the Pole Catch. A pole is laid on the ground and all but one player stand in a line with one foot on each side of the pole and all facing one way. The odd player stands out in front, facing them. He is the catcher and can never cross over the pole but must go around either end of it in order to get to the other side. He starts down one side of the pole and all the players immediately get both feet on the opposite side of the pole and perhaps run off. The catcher cannot tag anyone unless he is on the same side of the pole with him. The players naturally try to keep out of the way running and jumping back and forth across the pole. The one who is caught is in turn the catcher.

Write in and tell us about the different odd games you know.

Counting from the 20th Good Neighbor Club Member on, every 10th one to join thereafter will receive one of the free comic books until our supply is exhausted. Fill out the coupon and mail it in now, for you may be one of the lucky ones!

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
International Good Neighbor Club
Secretary, International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB, NEW COMICS Magazine, 432 Fourth Ave., New York City.
Dear Sir:—
Please enroll me as a member of the International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB. I enclose 10c to cover mailing charge for my Button and Membership Certificate, and promise to abide by the Club's rule:
To do everything in my power to firmly establish friendly relations between my country and the other countries of the world.
Name
Age
Nationality
Address
Town

# SHE

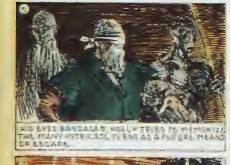
by H. RIDER HAGGARD

ILLUSTRATED BY EVEN EVEN

THE WHITE MEN, WITH FOREBODING IN THEIR HEARTS NEAR THE END OF THEIR JOURNEY TO "SHE" WHO MUST BE OBEYED!

"BEHOLD THE HOUSE OF SHE" SAID BILALI REVERENTLY. "NO EVER QUEEN A MORE MAGNIFICENT AROSE."

AT THE ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL THE WHITE MEN, BLINDFOLDED



HIS EYES BLAZING, HOLLY TRIES TO MEMORIZE THE MANY WITTICISMS, TURNS AS A FINAL MEANS OF ESCAPE.

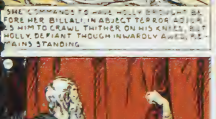
THE CAVALCADE COMES TO A HALT, THE BAND AGES ARE REMOVED AND A BAND OF WHITE ROBED SOLDIERS NOW LEAD THE WAY

THE SOLDIERS STOP ONLY AT THE MOUTH OF A CAVE. THE WHITE MEN ARE ASKED TO ENTER

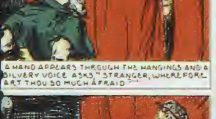
LAO, STILL FURIOUS, SUDDENLY DASHES HIS DAGGER DOWN TO THE GROUND. HOLLY RETRIEVES IT AND SLIPS IT ON HIS OWN FINGER.

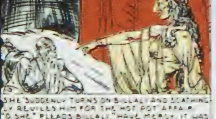
SHE COMMANDS TO HAVE HOLLY BROUGHT BEFORE HER. BILLALI IN ABJECT TERROR ACTIONS HIM TO CRAWL THITHER ON HIS KNEES. BUT HOLLY, DEFIANT THOUGH INWARDLY AWED, REMAINS STANDING.

WAITING, BEFORE A CURTAINED DOORWAY, THE MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS.


A HAND APPEARS THROUGH THE HANGINGS AND A SILVERY VOICE ASKS "STRANGER, WHERE FORE ART THOU SO MUCH AFRAID?"

A BEAUTIFUL, SWATHED FIGURE APPEARS. HOLLY, ASTONISHED FALTERS "IT IS THY BEAUTY WHICH MAKES ME FEAR, O QUEEN!"


SHE SUDDENLY TURNS ON BILLALI AND SCATHINGLY REVILES HIM FOR THE HOT POT AFFAIR. "O SHE," PLEADS BILLALI, "HOLY MERCY, IT WAS THOSE WICKED DOGS IN MY MOUTH-GLEE"


YEA! TOMORROW SHALL THEY KNOW WHAT IT IS TO DISOBEY SHE! GO NOW, AND KEEP MY HOUSEHOLD BETTER"

BILLALI RETREATS AND HOLLY IN ALARM, FINDS HIMSELF ALONE WITH THIS TERRIBLE, BUT FASCINATING WOMAN

"THOU DOST NOT CRAWL BE-
AS THEY CONVERSE, HOLLY IS ASTOUNDED BY THE VAST KNOWLEDGE OF SHE
"IF THOU SPEAK TRUTH O, SHE," SAYS HOLLY BEWILDERED, "THOU HAST LIVED TWO THOUSAND YEARS. HOW CAN THAT BE?"
"AYE, FOR I HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO OVERCOME DEATH OR CHANGE. DOST THOU KNOW HOW I KNEW OF THY COMING?"
"LOOK UPON THIS WATER," SHE CONTINUES
HOLLY IS AMAZED TO SEE REFLECTED THEREIN, HIMSELF AND COMPANIONS IN THE WILDERNESS, OF A MONTH BEFORE
"'TIS MAGIC!" CRIES HOLLY.
"NAY, IT IS BUT THE MIRROR TO WHICH I SUMMON WHAT HAPPENS," ANSWERS SHE.
"BUT
"IS THIS THE WOMAN?" SHE ASKS
USTANE'S IMAGE IN THE WATER.

"HAST THOU OUGHT TO ASK ME BEFORE THOU GUESS?" HOLLY ASKED SHE. HOLLY REPLIED HE WOULD GAZE UPON HER UNVEILED FACE.
"BETHINK THEE, RASH MAN," LOUDLY SHE, "THY BEAUTY IS SUCH THOU CANST NE'ER REMAST, AND KNOW, I AM NOT FOR THEE."
VERY WELL, THOU HAST ASKED IT. BLAME THY-SELF." AS SHE UNVEILS, HOLLY IS BLINDED BY HER BLAZING IRRADIANCE.
THEN, SUDDENLY, SHE TURNS INTO A DEMON OF FURY, POINTING TO HOLLY'S HAND SHE DEMANDS, "HOW CAME THOU BY THAT SCARAB ON THY FINGER?"
"SPEAK, OR I SHALL BLAST THEE," SHE SHRIEKS. INARTICULATE, HOLLY SINKS TO THE GROUND, PARALYZED BY HER DEVASTATING POWER.

# SANDOR
## AND THE LOST CIVILIZATION

1
AS THE FOOTSTEPS ON THE STONE STAIRWAY BECOME MORE DISTINCT, SANDOR TENSELY WATCHES FROM HIS POSITION WITHIN THE DOORWAY OF THE DUNGEON, AS A PORTER DESCENDS, BEARING EARTHEN JARS OF WATER.

2
TURNING UNDER AN ARCH WAY, THE PORTER UNLOCKS A MASSIVE DOOR AND ENTERS.

3
MOVING LIKE A PANTHER, SANDOR GLIDES TO THE DOOR THAT THE PORTER HAS ENTERED. FLATTENING HIS MUSCULAR BODY AGAINST THE WALL, HE AWAITS HIS REAPPEARANCE -

4
PRESENTLY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND THE PORTER, CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF SANDOR, DRAWS HIS KNIFE - - -

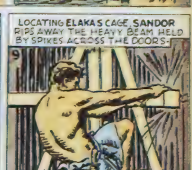
5
BEFORE HE CAN RAISE HIS ARM, SANDOR'S HEAVY FIST FLASHES OUT TO HIS JAW!

DRAGGING HIS VICTIM INSIDE, SANDOR QUICKLY BINDS AND GAGS HIM WITH STRIPS OF CLOTH TORN FROM HIS GARMENTS.

SANDOR FINDS THAT HE IS IN A LONG PASSAGE LEADING TO A SPACE OUT OF DOORS, ENCLOSED BY A BAMBOO FENCE—

AT ONE END OF THE ENCLOSURE, SANDOR SEES A ROW OF CAGES HOPING TO FIND ELAKA IN ONE OF THEM, HE DASHES ACROSS—

LOCATING ELAKA'S CAGE, SANDOR RIPS AWAY THE HEAVY BEAM HELD BY SPIKES ACROSS THE DOORS—



SANDOR, HAPPY TO SEE ELAKA, FINDS THAT HE IS RAPIDLY RECOVERING FROM HIS KNIFE WOUNDS

PRESENTLY, SHOUTING IN THE COURTYARD TELLS SANDOR THAT THE RAJAH IS RETURNING—

IN THE MEANTIME, THE RAJAH RETURNS TO THE PALACE, FROM THE CEREMONIES AT THE TEMPLE...

BELIEVING THAT SANDOR HAS BEEN CAST IN THE DUNGEON, THE RAJAH SENDS A GUARD FOR HIM, WHO FINDS THE KEEPER BOUND AND GAGGED!

IN A TOWERING RAGE, UPON HEARING OF THE ESCAPE OF SANDOR AND ELAKA, THE RAJAH THREATENS DIRE PUNISHMENTS IF THEY ARE NOT RE-CAPTURED!

FIND THEM! OR YOU'LL BE CAST TO THE CROCODILES!

THE BELL IN THE TOWER SOUNDS OUT AN ALARM

DISCOVERING A SMALL PASSAGE WAY THROUGH WHICH THEY CAN LOOK INTO A DARK CORNER OF THE COURT-YARD, SANDOR AND ELAKA TRY TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO SLIP OUT OF THE GATE. PRESENTLY, A PORTER, PUSHING A CART, PASSES WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE PASSAGE-WAY -

THE IDEA INSTANTLY COMES TO SANDOR THAT THE PORTER'S GARMENTS AND CART MIGHT PROVIDE A MEANS OF ESCAPE — GRASPING HIM IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS, SANDOR WHIRLS HIM INSIDE OF THE PASSAGE-WAY.
17
SUDDENLY, SANDOR RELEASES HIS GRIP WHEN HE RECOGNIZES HIS FRIEND BENAR, THE FAKIR, DISGUISED AS A PORTER!
18
SANDOR
BENAR TELLS SANDOR THAT THEY MAY BE ABLE TO PASS THROUGH THE GATES UNNOTICED ON ACCOUNT OF THE CONFUSION CAUSED BY A NEWLY ARRIVED CARAVAN
ELAKA CAN LIE CONCEALED IN YOUR CART WHICH YOU CAN PUSH OUT OF THE GATE - DO NOT FEAR FOR ME!
19
FROM BEHIND A PILE OF BOXES AGAINST THE WALL SANDOR WATCHES BENAR WHEEL HIS CART OUT OF THE GATE -
20
HAVING SEEN BENAR AND ELAKA GO SAFELY OUT OF THE GATE, SANDOR CREEPS ALONG THE SHADOWY WALL, UNDER COVER OF PALMS AND SHRUBBERY —
SUDDENLY, THE ALARM BELL RINGS OUT, BRINGING THE GUARDS, WHO QUICKLY CLOSE THE HEAVY GATES!
M. FLEMING

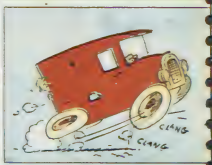
SINKER
BOB HERMANS

THINGS ARE SURE TOUGH WHEN A GUY CAN'T GET A NICKLE FOR A CANDY BAR

IDEA!

THE GORILLA HAS ESCAPED!!
GORILLA

CALLING ALL CARS — MAN EATING GORILLA — ESCAPED FROM ZOO —


CLANG
CLANG

HI! GRANDPOP!

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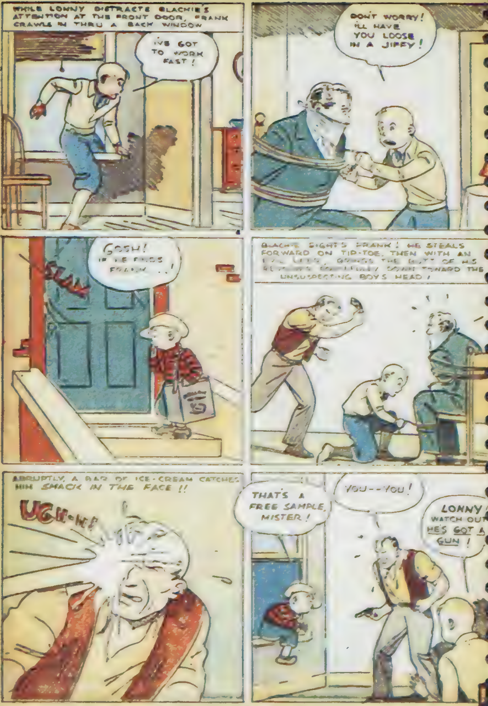
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
BY CHARLES DICKENS
7
HE HURRIED TO A NEARBY INN, CAUGHT THE
DOVER COACH AND SOON WAS ON HIS WAY.

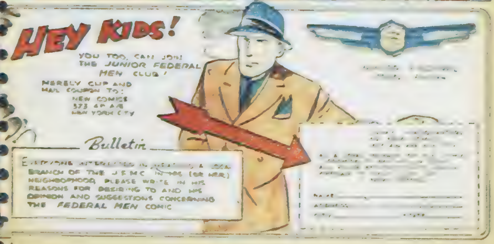
ILLUSTRATED NARRATIVE
DR MANETTE FOUND THE
NOTE AND BROUGHT IT TO LUCIE
OF HIS OLD TUTOR!"
MY DEAR, SAID THE
TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT CHARLES IS AN
SUDDENLY LUCIE BEGAN TO CRY, "OH FATHER
SOBBED, "WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?"

FEDERAL MEN
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A REAL JUNIOR FEDERAL MAN, LONNY?
SWELL, FRANK! IM SURE GLAD YOU TOLD ME THAT ALL I HAD TO DO TO BECOME ONE WAS TO FOLLOW STEVE CARSON'S ADVENTURE'S IN NEW COMICS!
by JEROME SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER
WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET ALONG NOW AND SELL MY ICE-CREAM
WAIT! LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
A GROAN! IT'S FROM BEHIND THAT FENCE!
COME ON! MAYBE SOME ONE NEEDS HELP!
I'M STEVE CARSON ... FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
STEVE CARSON!
GEE! YOU'RE HURT!
I'D CAUGHT UP WITH "BLACKIE" FLINT, KIDNAPPER, WHEN HE PLUGGED ME. I'M AFRAID HE'S GONE TO HIS HIDE-OUT AT 1042 E 105th ST. TO KILL HIS VICTIM AND SCRAM NEVER MIND ME -- I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF -- BUT YOU KIDS HAVE GOT TO STOP BLACKIE!
BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE LIKE THIS, STEVE! WE BELONG TO THE J.F.M.C.!
THEN PROVE YOU DESERVE TO BE MEMBERS BY FOLLOWING MY ORDERS!
LETS GO LONNY! WE'VE A DATE WITH "BLACKIE" AND WE MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT HIM

1042! THAT'S THE ADDRESS ALL RIGHT! WHAT'LL WE DO? I'M A POKER MAN?
NO. THAT MIGHT ENDANGER THE KIDNAP VICTIMS LIVES! LET'S PEEK INTO A SIDE WINDOW!
GOSH!
— — WHAT THE BOYS SAW — —
THAT'S RIGHT, SWEAT! 'CAUSE IN EXACTLY ONE MINUTE THIS LITTLE TOY IS GONNA BARK! I'VE GOT TH' RANSOM DOUGH, TH' KIDS ARE LOSSIN IN, AND WHEN I SCRAM I'M LEAVIN NO ONE BEHIND TO SQUEAL!
DID YOU HEAR THAT? GLADUSES GOING TO KILL HIM NOW!
NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT! LISTEN, JOHNY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER
TH' BOSS'S BELLS RINGIN' BUT DON'T GET ANY WILD HOPES! IN ITS A DICK. THAT'S JUST AN INVITATION TO HAVE HIS HEAD BLOWN OFF!
WANT AN ICE CREAM BAR MISTER? ONLY FIVE CENTS
BEAT IT, DUNK!


WHILE LONNY DISTRACTS BLACKIE'S ATTENTION AT THE FRONT DOOR, FRANK CRAWLS IN THRU A BACK WINDOW
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY!
GOSH!
BLACKIE SIGHTS FRANK! HE STEALS FORWARD ON TIP-TOE, THEN WITH AN
UNSUSPECTING BOYS HEAD!
ABRUPTLY, A BAR OF ICE-CREAM CATCHES HIM SMACK IN THE FACE!!
UGH-H!
THAT'S A FREE SAMPLE, MISTER!
YOU--YOU!
LONNY! WATCH OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

FUNNY, AIN'T YUH? WELL LAUGH THIS OFF!
FRANK LETS HIM HAVE IT WITH HIS SLING-SHOT! --
OW!
ZING
-- THEN SCOOPS UP THE GUN!
NOW WE'LL DO THE TALKING!! GET BACK AGAINST THAT WALL!!
HEY! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN!
THANKS
NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS
THANKS TO YOU,
OF YOU!
WHAT ANY
OF THE J.F.M.C
WOULD HAVE BEEN


HEY KIDS!
YOU TOO, CAN JOIN THE JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB!
MERELY CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TO:
NEW COMICS
Bulletin
BRANCH OF THE J.F.M.C.
NEIGHBORHOOD, PLEASE WRITE IN HIS REASONS FOR DESIRING TO AND HIS OPINION AND SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING THE FEDERAL MEN COMIC

MAW PAW AND WILLIE
FOR GOODNESS SAKE!
WILLIE, I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER FOR THAT TRUMP!
GIVE US A QUARTER'S WORTH OF TRUMPETS, PLEASE!

# DO YOU KNOW?

MAN HAS HARNESSED SUNLIGHT, WINDS, CLOUDS, THE MAGNETIC LINES OF FORCE AND ALMOST EVERY GREAT POWER OF NATURE EXCEPT THE CRASHING WAVES OF THE SEA.

THAT JOHN SMITH'S WORD ON MOST MATTERS HAS BEEN PROVED UNFAILINGLY AND MANY HISTORIANS (INCLUDING ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, GENY THIS STORY'S GENERAL INCLUDING WOMEN FISKE AND LYON TYLER) CONFIRM IT.

TRUE SLEEPING SICKNESS IS AN AFRICAN DISEASE CAUSED BY THE BITE OF THE "TSETSE FLY," BUT IN AMERICA A SIMILAR SLEEPING SICKNESS IS NOT UNCOMMON AND SOMETIMES APPEARS TO BE EPIDEMIC. IT DEFIES ALL INVESTIGATION AND NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT IS, ITS CAUSE OR ITS CURE.

LEIF, SON OF ERIC DISCOVERED OF GREENLAND, SAILED FROM THERE WITH A HARDY NORSE CREW IN THE TENTH CENTURY, LANDED AT MOUNT HOPE, RHODE ISLAND, WHERE HE WINTERED, SOCKEYES AFTER COLUMBUS . . . THERE IS EVIDENCE THAT CENTRAL AMERICA HAD TRADED WITH CHINA AND VISITED LONG BEFORE COLUMBUS!

# SWELEGANT
# IS THE WORD FOR IT!

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FILLED WITH BRAND-NEW FEATURES
BY YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS

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